

THE
MERRY COMPANION;
CONTAINING
THEATRIC
RECITATIONS;
BACCHANALIAN SONGS,
JOYOUS TOASTS,
AND
PLEASING SENTIMENTS.

L O N D O N :

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SIX-PENCE.



THE
PICTURE
OF A
Spouting Club.

NOW o'er the day, night rolls her awful clouds,
This interval indulging, to the CLUB
Of SPOUTERS I repair, where mortal forms
Borne high upon the feathers of conceit,
Rise into air; while puffing blasts of wind
Bursting from loosely flying Fanny's cave,
Blow them to regions where Theatra reigns.

The room presents a group of objects rare,
Features distinct and various; while upon
The tables the resplendent pewter pots
Their pure contents and frothy substance boast
Invigorant. Virginia's plant matur'd,
Lies in the centre: with the clay form'd tube
Each member graces his extended hand.

Above the rest, with lordly looks erect,
Deputed sits the REGENT of the night,
In elbow chair pre-eminent. His hand
The silence-knocking hammer yields. Before
His optic balls are placed two shining orbs,
Betwixt whose pewter confines, interspers'd
With glit'ring pieces of argental coin,
Lie wide spread Halfpence, jingling at the touch;
There great he sits, with glee magnificent,
To keep good order and direct each scann.

But lo! a Rascian now is on the move,
Stentorophontus; him long I mark'd,
Saw meditation hover o'er his brow,
And all his faculties absorb'd in thought.
Forth he stalks with steps theatric. The signal giv'n

THE PICTURE OF A SPOUTING CLUB.

All bend their eyes on him ; no longer now
Pauses the youth, but storms in wild *Macbeth*.

Lo ! now apparent on his horrid front,
Sits grim distortion. Every feature's lost,
Shrew'd horrible, inhumaniz'd. On stage
Of quack initerant I thus have seen
An Andrew wring the muscles of his face,
Deforming nature, and extort the grin
And wonder of the many-headed crowd.

He spoke ; when streight a loud applauding noise
Ensues, the clap of hands and thump of feet
Co-mingling, knuckles on the table's verge
With fury beating, and the thwack of sticks
Junctive confirm the rattle of applaus.

Lo ! now another of theatric mould,
Rises in clouded majesty, yclep'd
Rantwell ; him and his inauspicious fate
Destin'd to oil, and dress the flowing curl,
And with nice hand to weave the yie'ding hair ;
But each revolving, rising, setting sun,
Beheld this hero looking on his trade
With eyes indignant. His exalted soul
Launch'd 'yond the limits of his narrow sphere,
Fraught with extended notions of the stage
His intellects, high tow'ring, flew to realms
Dramatic ; there, the storehouse of his brain
He fill'd redundant. Here he tries his skill
Theatric, ere upon the graceful stage
With steps advent'rous he dares to tread.
In *Jaffier* now he breathes his ardent love,
With sighs of mimic fondness. Now his breast
Heaves with the weight of jealousy and rage
Perplexing ; all Othello wars within
His various tortur'd heart. Oh ! how his voice
Rises and falls as Oysterella's soft
And strong, when every street and curving lane
Adjacent, echo the testaceous cry !
He spouted—and receiv'd his share of praise.

Young *Capias* next his meteor lays down
Igniferous. Him had his parents sent
To London, (seat of business) there the laws
Of Albion's state to learn and exercise

THE PICTURE OF A SPOUTING CLUB.

But fruitless was this Spouter's parents care,
Tho' sedulous: for scarce two years had roll'd,
Since proud Augusta first had blest his eyes.
Ere the warm youth in these expressions broke:
"Am I, ye gods! eternally to scribe
"Inglorious?—No: some power uplifts my soul,
"Buoyant above the common herd of earth's
"Dull reptiles. Hence, ye wrong adjudg'd Reports,
"Ye dry collections hence! I leave you all
"To those grave, solid thinking fools, whose ears
"Tautology best charms: Oh, Shakespeare! come.
"With all thy pupils! fire my glowing breast,
"Expand my genius, and enlarge my soul."
Kindled that instant at the raptur'd thought,
His lofty daring now assumes the part
Of tyrant *Richard*, and with awkward strut
Affects majestic air: but wanting skill
Betrays himself unequal to the task.

Thy graceful periods so oft admir'd,
Divine inspired Shakespeare! on his tongue
Imperfect die away; his labour'd speech
Sounds gutt'ral like the hoarsely croaking race,
Upon the banks of some pellucid stream.

Scarce had he finish'd, when salutes his ear,
The mingled noise, upon the dusty floor
Reverberated. Down the Lawyer sits,
Well pleas'd; and next starts up *Hibernia's son*,
Like some enthusiast on a tripod rais'd,
To catch each child of folly—now the cork
Intruded swift into the candle's blaze,
Is nigrified, and marks th' aspiring youth
With whiskers bold. Ferocity now darts
From either eye her broad unmeaning stare,
In *Bajazet* he raves, and low'ring, bids
Defiance: 'yond just nature's ample pow'r
He rants elaborate. His roaring voice
Calls echo forth resplendent. He ended;
But the tribe with-held their banners of applause.
Then down he sat with woeful aspect dull,
But straight emerging from a sea of thought,
He swallow'd haity the salubrious stream,
And re-inthron'd his abdicated soul.

THE PICTURE OF A SPOUTING CLUB.

Inflated with the swellings of conceit,
And newly flush'd with bold aspiring hopes
Of excellence, up rises *Leatherstocking*
Fam'd. In repairing worn out calcumens
None was his equal: No one better knew
The pointed awl to handle; yet his soul,
His noble soul with rage dramatic glow'd,
And thinks to arrest attention: To extort
Th' involuntary laugh, to bid the smile
Sit dimpling on his cheek, the pearly drop
Sudden to start from out the humid eye
Or to awake each Briton's just revenge
On Gallic perfidy. In mad-struck *Lea*
The scene he opens. But lo! for want of crown,
Paus'd his mock majesty. Around the place
Long time his eyes terrific roll'd. At length
"In a dark corner of the room he 'spied"
An empty urinal. Fir'd at the sight,
He snatch'd the pewter prize, and to his head
Adapted it, well pleas'd. Now, now he raves
With adamantine lungs; his head he moves
Concussive; when a motion inopine
His action terminates. Upon the floor
Down falls the jordan. As it rolls along,
It sounds, in jarring music, ring applause.

Lo! now springs forward with elastic step
A son of comedy, *Sorcerer* call'd;
The tunic dazzling with its golden pride,
The buttonhole gay wrought with wond'rous art,
The well cut collar, and well fancy'd sleeve,
Had oft his art proclaim'd; yet not to this
Was his great soul confin'd. *Theatra* now
(Dramatic goddess) whispers in his ear,
And bids him shine away in *Foppington*.

With joints inflexible, and head oblique;
An object stiff'ning to the sight, he stands
In attitude unmeaning, and, the more
To render him ridiculous, he lisps,
And robs each word of its emphatic due.

He finish'd—when the wonted noise began
Loud as his all attentive ears could wish,
Nor less than that which shakes the circled seats

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

Of playhouse upper gallery, when some
Grand habited and merry pantomime,
So much delights the num'rous terrene gods.

Prologues and Epilogues now crown the sport,
By various genii profusely spoke,
By stamm'ring *Walchmen* here, and *Scotchmen* there.

To periodize the humours of the night,
Now far advanc'd, goes round the jovial song,
The laugh exciting catch, or wanton tale
Reiterated. Till the watchman calls
The hour of twelve, when ends th' amusing scene.

PROLOGUE TO THE LONDON HERMIT.

DREAD censors! by whose nod we sink or rise!
Be merry, pray, to-night, and not too wise!
Our bard will smile at the strict critic rule,
He had his learning in a laughing-school.
Order, and ancient laws, he dares neglect;
And rather would be pleasant, than correct;
Nay, spite of all grave classical communities,
Wou'd sooner make you laugh than keep the unities.
Mirth is his aim—and critics! we implore you,
Relax, while our light scenes we lay before you!
Good-humour to the countenance adds graces,
Unbend the iron muscles of your faces!

✓ Lay acid wisdom by; think mirth no sin;

✓ Throw your sour dignity aside,—and grin!

Yet tho' we laugh we wou'd not quit the grounds
Where sportive nature marks her ample bounds:
Various her range! calm, gay, then in the vapours—
We catch the goddess while she's cutting capers.
To prove that we have caught her in the act,
Our Hermitage is built upon a fact.

If, then, the drama's frolic pencil draws
A frolic fact—away with critic laws!

And grant the sketcher's fancy your applause!
Oft has he drawn before—his shop is full
With touches from his hand; and none thought dull;
Should this, to-night, seem vapid to your eyes,
'Twould prove a *Dis*-Agreeable Surprise—
Oh! think on his collection now in store,
And smile on him, on whom you smil'd before!

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

PROLOGUE TO SPECULATION.

OUR bard and I were just about to fight,
When he consented you should set us right.
He says " he's nervous—nought can cool his fever,
" The town won't bear such trivial scenes for ever.
" The times are chang'd—sententious draughts they quaff,
" And all is nonsense now that makes them laugh.
" Morals from Seneca have gain'd the day,
" And poor Joe Miller's jests have died away.
" What then becomes of him, since Joe's no more ?
" He never dealt in sentimental lore,
" In modern novels tortur'd virtue's fame,
" Or " from the same" wrote letters " to the same."
" Would that he had!—fine words gain approbation ;
" But if you laugh not—where's our Speculation ?"
My answer was—" Sir Criticize may swear,
" You ought not to be pleas'd, when most you are.
" Say that's obscure! he understands not, this—
" But pray—is that the author's fault or his ?
" May call that pantomime in which a scene,
" Too much embellish'd by a chair or screen—
" For ah ! how oft when hackney'd logic tires,
" Would Ranger's ladder rouse your latent fires ?
" And one broad laugh rais'd by satyric Foote,
" Has done more good than novelist e'er wrote.

The comic muse was born to lash mankind,
Not by false sentiment debauch the mind.
What villain trembles at grave Plato's name ?
But Horace' satyr laughs him into shame !
Lecture the proud—will preaching make them humble ?
No—but lampoon them and their pride will tumble !

All this I told our bard, but still he sigh'd,
Still urg'd his former doctrines, mine denied—
At length he said that you should settle all,
And by your sentence, he must stand or fall !

PROLOGUE TO THE JEW.

OUR Comic Bard, before whose roving eye
Kingdoms and States in magic vision lie,

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

Sweeps o'er the map, and with a partial smile
Fixes at length on his beloved Isle,
He views her deck'd in all her natural charms,
And wrapt in peace, amidst the din of arms.
"Here, here," he cries, "on ALBION's fostering breast,
"The Arts are shelter'd, and the Muses rest,
"Here I will build my stage, by moral rule
"And scenic measure here erect my school;
"A school for prejudice:—Oh! that my stroke
"Cou'd strip that creeper from the British Oak!
"Twin'd round his generous shaft, the tangled weed
"Sheds on the undergrowth it's baneful seed,"
This said, he bids us strike the daring blow,
That lays his fame or this defiler low.

And now our PROLOGUE speaks—In former days
Prologues were abstracts of their several plays;
But now, like guilty men, who dread their doom,
We talk of every thing but what's to come.
As for our Fable, little I'll unfold;
For out of little much cannot be told.
'Tis but one species in the wide extent
Of prejudice, at which our shaft is sent,
'Tis but this simple lesson of the heart—
Judge not the man by his exterior part:
✓Virtue's strong root in every soil will grow,
✓Rich ores lie buried under piles of snow.

If to your candour we appeal this night
For a poor Client, for a luckless Wight,
Whom Bard ne'er favour'd, whose sad fate has been
Never to share in one applauding scene,
In Souls like your's there should be found a place
For every Victim of unjust disgrace.

PROLOGUE TO THE DESERTED DAUGHTER.

FRUITFUL in good and ill, the teeming earth
To wheat and tares affords promiscuous birth:
At once, from nature's womb, rise woe and weal;
The springs that poison, and the streams that heal.
Nay more, her offspring each and all contain,
Within themselves, both antidote and bane.

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

Each is a jarring world, where death yields life;
And concord rises out of endless strife.

Each seems distinct, yet all together bound:

And separate and collectively is found

A herd of infinite; a countless mass

Of miracles within a blade of grass.

First of the tribe, and master of the whole,

Man stands erect; the sovereign and the soul.

In him all union and disunion shine:

He's now above half brute; now more than half divine.

Wayward in humour; infinite in wit;

The slave of all, to none will he submit;

In act an idiot; in conceit a sage;

Mov'd by a breath, he'll brave the tempest's rage;

Now soar a demi-god; now sink, a straw;

Now weep, a child; now give the planets law.

Railing at wretchedness, in folly wise,

Alive to all the bliss that he denies,

Worthy your laughter or perhaps your tears,

Brain-sick of errors past, to-night appears

A moody mortal; sketch'd on this mad plan;

A surly misanthrope, and yet a man.

Within his orbit other beings move;

Some urg'd by avarice, others spur'd by love,

To aid or injure him, as passion drives;

The worst of servants; and the best of wives;

With many more, all waiting here within

My task being ended, ready to begin.

Hear, and decide, like men who think and feel;

For from this night's decree, there's no appeal.

PARODY IN IMITATION OF MR. ROWE.

WERE you, ye gamblers, cautious whom ye trust;
Did you but know how seldom fortune's just,

So many silly dupes would not in vain

Of broken credit—and of fate complain:

Of all the various wretches play has made,

How few have been upon the square betray'd?

Convinc'd by reason we a slight detect,

Nor practise what we treat with disrespect,

Convinc'd that truth will honestly protest.

THE
NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY;

By G. COLMAN, Esq.

A TALE.

A MAN, in many a country town, we know,
Professing openly with death to wrestle;
Ent'ring the field against the grimly foe,
Arm'd with a mortar, and a pestle.

Yet, some affirm, no enemies they are;
But meet just like prize-fighters, in a fair:
Who first shake hands before they box,
Then give each other plaguy knocks,
With all the love and kindness of a brother:
So (many a suffering Patient saith)
Though the Apothecary fights with death,
Still they're sworn friends to one another.

A member of this Æsculapian line,
Lived at Newcastle, upon Tyne:
No man could better gild a pill; or make a bill;
Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister;
Or draw a tooth out of your head;
Or chatter scandal by your bed; or give a glister.

Of occupations these were *quantum suff*,
Yet still he thought the list not long enough;
And therefore Midwifery he chose to pin to't.
This balanced things:—for if he hurl'd
A few score mortals from the world,
He made amends by bringing others into't.

MONSTROUS GOOD

His fame, full six miles, round the country ran ;
In short, in reputation he was *solus* :
All the old women call' him "a fine man !"
His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in *trade*,
(Which oftentimes will Genius fetter)
Read works of fancy it is said ;
And cultivated the *Belles Lettres*.

And why should this be thought so odd ?
Can't men have taste who cure a phthisick ?
Of Poetry though Patron God ;
Apollo patronizes Phsyck.

Bolus loved verse ;—and took so much delight in't,
That his prescriptions he resolved to write in't.

No opportunity he e'er let pass
Of writing the directions, on his labels,
In dapper couplets,—like *Gay's Fables* ;
Or rather, like the lines in *Hudibras*.

Apothecary's verse !—and where's the treason ?
'Tis simply honest dealing,—not a crime ;—
When Patients swallow phsyck without reason,
It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a Patient lying at death's door,
Some three miles from the town—it might be four ;
To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article,
In Pharmacy, that's called cathartical.

And, on the label of the stuff, he wrote this verse ;
Which one would think was clear enough, and terse,

“ WHEN TAKEN, TO BE WELL SHAKEN.”

Next morning, early, Bolus rose ;
And to the *Patient's* house he goes ;—upon his *pad*,
Who a wile trick of stumbling had :

SONGS AND TOATS

It was indeed a very fory hack ;—

But that's of course :

For what's expected from a horse,
With an Apothecary on his back ?
Bolus arrived ; and gave a doubtful tap ;
Between a single and a double rap.—

Knocks of this kind

Are given by Gentlemen who teach to dance ;

By Fiddlers, and by Opera-fingers :

One loud, and then a little one behind ;

As if the knocker fell by chance,

Out of their fingers.

The Servant lets him in, with dismal face,

Long as a courtier's out of place—

Portending some disaster ;

John's countenance as rueful look'd, and grim,

As if th' Apothecary had physic'd him,

And not his master.

“ Well, how's the Patient !” Bolus said.

John shook his head.

“ Indeed !—hum ! ha !—that's very odd !”

“ He took the draught ?”—John gave a nod.

“ Well,—how—what then ?—speak out, you dunce !”

“ Why then”—says John—“ we *shook* him once.”

“ Shook him !—how ?”—Bolus stammer'd out :—

“ We jolted him about.”

“ Zounds ! shake a Patient, man !—a shake wont do.”

“ No, Sir—and so we gave him two.”

“ Two shakes ! odds curse !

“ 'Twould make the Patient worse.”

“ It did so, Sir !—and so a third we tried.”

“ Well, and what then ?”—

“ THEN, SIR, MY MASTER DIED !”

MONSTROUS GOOD

The New LONDON CRIES.

LIKE a lark in the morning with early song,
Comes the sweep with his Sweep foot ho ;
Next the cherry cheek damsel comes tripping along,
Do you want any milk, maids below ;
Dust ho dust, goes the tinkling bell,
While sharp in each corner they look ;
Next the Jew with his bag and his cloashts to sell,
Cloashts to sell—any old cloashts.
Speaks.) Hip halloa Moashts, says a wag, have you
got any Pork to day! go along you blackgar, says he,
any shoes, hats, and old cloashts—any bat shillings.

Chorus.

Let none despise the merry merry cries,
Of famous London town.

Any pen-knives, or razors, or scissors to grind,
Any work for the Cooper to day ;
Buy a bow-pot fir, it will please your mind,
Oh! d—it stand out of the way ;
Muffins ho, crumpets ho, next ring in the ear,
Any brick-dust, come neddy stand, woah ;
Any lobsters, or Newcastle salmon my dear,
Salmon my dear, salmon my dear ;
Dy'e want any lilly white sand ho.

Thus the various cries they in harmony blend,
Come here is your nice curds and whey ;
Here's the last dying speech, old chairs to mend,
Choice fruit or a bill of the play!
Here's three for a shilling fine mackarel ho,
Any phials or broken flint glass,
Come break me or make me before I go,
Before I go, before I go,
Come here is my fine sparrow-grass.

SONGS AND TOASTS.

Here's your fine long garters two-pence a pair,
Buy a mop, a rat trap, or hair broom ;
Any saucepans, kettles, or pots to repair ,
Great news just arriv'd from Rome,
Round and sound two-pence a pound, nice cherries,
New potatoes, or fine spring fallad,
They're ten-pence a gallon gooseberries,
Gooseberries, gooseberries,
Who buys a new love ballad.

Mrs. HERBERT's Song at the CIRCUS.

THE shout is gone forth, hark the deep singing
hound,

See the sport loving high mettled steed spurn the
ground ;

View him bend his proud neck, as he hears the loud horn,
And snort the sharp air of the soft breathing morn.
In an instant all nature is roused from her trance !
And the hills seem to fly, and the trees seem to dance ;
These woodlands approach and those forests retire,
With frantic delight, every bosom's on fire.

On a brow, the wrapt peasant can trace the wild train
Pour down the slope mountain, and cover the plain ;
Up the steep, in the stream, or amidst the scar'd flocks,
Who ne'er regards perils of rivers and rocks ;
We plunge in the lake, o'er the precipice fly,
In view the fleet ANTELOPE, and hounds in full
cry.

What sportsman lacks courage, what courser lacks
breath ;

Or who feels fatigue, when we're in at the death.

Nor here ends the pleasure, nor here ends the chace,
Ev'ry double we note, ev'ry danger retrace ;

MONSTROUS GOOD

Recount in returning each peril we dar'd,
And point to each spot where the glory was shar'd.
We view the vast fragment, the whirlpool profound,
Ourselves, hounds, and ANTELOPE, acts, so re-
nown'd;
Then to Bacchus and Venus, our prowess rehearse,
And deck every deed, in the magic of verse.

SUNG BY MR. BANNISTER,
In a Friend in Need.

WHEN to old England I come home,
Fal lal, &c.

What joy to see the tankard foam!

Fal lal, &c.

When treading London's well known ground,
If e'er I feel my spirits tire,
I haul my sail, look up around,
In search of *Whitbread's best entire*.

I spy the name of *Calvert*,

Of *Curtis, Cox, and Co.*

I give a cheer and bawl for't,

A pot of porter, ho!—

When to old England I come home,
What joy to see the tankard foam;
With heart so light and frolick high,
And drink it off to liberty!

Where wine or water can be found,

Fal lal, &c.

I've travell'd far the world around,

Fal lal, &c.

Again I hope, before I die,
Of England's can the taste to try;
For many a league I'd go about,
To take a draught of *Giffard's stout*.

SONGS AND TOASTS.

I spy the name of *Truman*,
Of *Maddox, Meux, and Co.*
The sight makes me a new man,
A pot of porter, ho!
When to old England I come home,
What joy to see the tankard foam, &c.

Sung in NIOBE, at the CIRCUS.

A Spleasant a lad as e'er dwelt near our village,
Thof 'mong purse-proud gentlefolks queerish
and shy,

A bit of a dabster at farming and tillage,

Good humour'd and harmless accounted were I:
But when I'm put up, cod! no lad in the nation
Finds good-humour work to so woundy a passion;
From quarter-staff, fifty-cuffs, cut and thrust pop-
pers,

Let those who dare wrong me stand clear if they can;
Or slugs in a saw-pit, I'll bet any coppers,

Od-rabbit and dang it! they'll find me a man!
Thof some wretch has the heart of poor sister been
stealing,

And laughs at our sorrows because we be poor,
Does he think as how poverty stifles one's feelings?

Contempt and disgrace ever lie at his door!
Od-rabbit! the wealthiest chap in the nation,
Who wrongs me shall feel the effect of my pas-
sion. From, &c.

OLD MAIDS' CATCH:—Sung at the CIRCUS.

OUT monster!—Male creature!—Despoiler, be-
Insulter of innocence, let us alone! [gone;
Pure as angels—like chastity cold as the snow—
How dare you thus violate—

Clown.

Me! no, no, no!

MONSTROUS GOOD

Maids. Intruder—intriguer—base plotter—vile man
Disappointment has made us despise all your clan.
Begone—you insult beauty's pure virgin laws.

Clown. (*Imitating*) Fitz—fitz—meaw—meaw—

Maids. Take that (*Striking*) get you gone, monster, more is your due.

Clown. I'd go to Old Nick to get out of your claws—



Sung at the ROYAL CIRCUS,

By Mr. PILBROW.

AS smart as e'er a knowing blade,
No bankrupt I, tho' long in trade,
A story strange to tell;

In Summer sweet, or lovely Spring,
Fresh is but grass, and that I bring;
And tho' no voice thus sweetly sing,

“Here's deadly good cabbages,
“Or, Buy live mackarel.”

In Winter, Buy my sprats, come buy,
Or “Melton oysters,” is the cry:
Or rather than long want the lout,
D—me, at night I cry the hour—

“Past One o'clock, and a frosty morning—

“For I don't care how matters go,
“When I tune up my trolly, lolly, lolly, lol:

As seasons change I change my note,
Bank-sure to keep the stock afloat,
With jack-als neat am found;

My panniers stuff'd, as on I pass,
Sing out my nice fresh sparrow-grass,

“Or, Here's my roley poley, girls, come,
“Buy my round and found.”

SONGS AND TOASTS.

My stars! I garters loudly cry,
Or, Buy my gingerbread, come buy;
Or, rather than be dumb, I *knows*,
Like *Mordecai*, I cry, Old cloaths;
“For I don’t care how matters go,
“When I tune up my trolly, lolly, lolly, lo.

SUNG BY MR. BANNISTER,

In the Shipwreck.

IN the course of my life I have seen many nations,
I’ve seen many states, and have fill’d many stations,
The valet by turns with the master I’ve been,
And in each various state various fortune have seen:
With the high and the low, thus by turns we go,
With a hob and a nob, and a jirk, and a bob,
Spoken) But I’d always great inclination to be master
—so I sung
“Britons never shall be slaves”

A soldier I serv’d in a fearful campaign, fir,
But ne’er felt the courage I then learn’d to feign, fir,
Then parade it, and strut in the sprightly cockade,
Which all the world knows oft a captain has made;
From sloven to fop, then by turns we hop,
With a hob and a nob, and a jirk and a bob,
Spoken—But I didn’t like a soldier’s life.—So I sung
“Britain’s best bulwarks are her wooden walls.”

A sailor I’ve been and have plough’d the salt sea, fir,
And of all sorts of lives, still a sailor’s for me, fir,
I’ll shun all the great, and their curs’d civil racket,
And change every suit for a sailor’s blue jacket;
On the high and the low, still the wind may blow,
With a hob and a nob, and a jirk and a bob.

MONSTROUS GOOD

Spoken—So now I cares for nothing, but dances
upon deck and sings—

“ Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the king.”



LAUGHING SONG By Mr. DIGHTON.

LET pedants urge their learned strife,
To teach poor mortals what is life;
“ Life’s a jest and all things shew it,
So says I—so said the poet;
“ Mirth admit me of thy crew,
So say they,—friends what say you.

Chorus.

Why live to laugh, since lifes a jest,
Who laughs the most enjoys it best,
Ha; ha; ha; ha; ha;—*probatum est.*

Often the lovers deep despair,
Proves a laughable affair,
Grave men put on wisdom’s cloak,
Turn ‘em out—tis all a joke,
As when the solemn owl we see,
Her whoo-hoo-hoo, draw, ha, hee.

Roud the globe let fancy run,
All the world is full of fun,
Holland apes the gallic grin,
France—but those *must* laugh that win;
While Britain true to king and laws,
Shall live and laugh at all her foes.

SONGS AND TOASTS.

Sung by Mr. DIBDIN.

MY name's Harry Halliard, I care not a fig,
Who vapours who swaggers and strives to look big,
My girl I can court, for my king I can fight,
And shiver my timbers I think I am right.

Chorus.

For I take ev'ry chance as I happens to find it,
And if it turns cross why then I dont mind it;
'Tis foolish d'ye see for to fidge it and fret it,
And if a shot comes 'tis the best way to let it.
Let parliamenters fall out, why what then?
They're welcome for Harry to fall in again;
Let Frenchmen for freedom each other betop,
French fashions I hate, and I won't be a crop.
When danger is nigh I consider this here,
That a true honest heart has got nothing to fear;
And let the worst come, I'm not such a dunce
Not to know that old Davie can take me but once.



Sung in JULIA of LOUVAIN.

HARK the solemn awful bell
Demand ye, bid the world adieu,
With lonely solitude to dwell,
No ray of hope to change in view.
Sad victim, prisoner forlorn,
By the tapers glim'ring light;
The nuns sad bosom pants for morn,
And griefs prolong the tedious night.
Hard penance rigid zeal doth prove,
Pale poverty her steps attend;
Religion quench the flame of love,
A death alone appears her friend.

MONSTROUS GOOD

Sung in the SMUGGLERS.

IF round the world poor sailors roam,
And bravely do their duty;
When danger's past they find their home,
With each his favourite beauty.

Chorus.

For Nan and Sue and Moll and Bess,
And fifty more delight 'em;
And when the honied-lip they press,
Who says it dont requite 'em.

If rich he come, what pleasure then,
If Nancy do not share it;
If poor she scorns then to complain,
For Nancy too will bear it.

What lubber then like him so gay,
His grog drowns all his sorrow;
For d—me if 'tis foul to day,
'Tis sure to right to-morrow.

He springs on shore assur'd to meet,
The partner lov'd most dearly;
In merry dance with nimble feet,
To pipe and tabor cheerly.

Favorite Glee, in HARLEQUIN and OBERON.

FROM every place condemn'd to roam,
In every place we seek a home,
These branches form our summer roof,
By thick grown leaves made water proof,
In sheltring nooks and hollow ways,
We cheerly pass our winter days;
Come circle round the Gipsy's fire,
Our songs our stories never tire;
Come stain your cheeks with nut or berry,
You'll find the gipsy's life is merry.

SONGS AND TOASTS.

ALONZO THE BRAVE AND THE FAIR IMOGINE.

As Spoken by G. Saville Carey.

A WARRIOR so Bold, and a *Virgin* so Bright
Convers'd as they sat on the green,
They gaz'd on each other with tender delight :
ALONZO the Brave, was the name of the Knight,
The Maid's was the fair IMOGINE.
" *And oh,*" said the youth " since to-morrow I go
To fight in a far distant land,
Your tears for my absence soon leaving to flow,
Some other will court you, and will bestow
On a wealthier suitor your hand."
" *Oh!* hush these suspicions," fair IMOGINE said,
" Offensive to love and to me,
For if you be living, or if you be dead,
I swear by the virgin that none in your stead
Shall husband of IMOGINE be.
If e'er I by lust or wealth led aside,
Forget my ALONZO the Brave,
God grant that to punish my falsehood and pride,
Your *ghost* at the marriage may sit by my side,
May tax me with perjury, claim me as bride,
And bear me away to the grave."
To Palestine hastened the hero so bold ;
His love, she lamented him sore :
But scarce had a twelvemonth elapsed, when behold,
A Baron all covered with jewels and gold
Arrived at Fair IMOGINE's door.
His treasure, his presents, his spacious domain
Soon made her untrue to her vows :
He dazzled her eyes ; he bewildered her brain ;
He caught her affections so light and so vain,
And carried her home as his spouse
And now had the marriage been blest by the priest ;
The revelry now was begun :
The tables they groaned with the weight of the feast ;
Nor yet had the laughter and merriment ceased,
When the bell at the castle toll'd—" one!"

MONSTROUS GOOD

Then first with amazement Fair Imogene found
That a stranger was placed by her side:
His air was terrific; he uttered no sound;
He spoke not, he moved not, he looked not around,
But earnestly gazed on the bride.
His vizor was closed, and gigantic his height;
His armour was fable to view:
All pleasure and laughter were hushed at his sight;
The dogs as they eyed him drew back in affright;
The lights in the chamber burned blue!
His presents all bosoms appeared to dismay;
The guests sat in silence and fear.
At length spoke the bride, while she trembled; "I pray,
Sir Knight, that your helmet aside you would lay,
And deign to partake of our cheer."
The lady is silent: the stranger complies,
His vizor he slowly unclosed:
Oh! God! what a sight met Fair IMOGENE'S eyes!
What words can express her dismay and surprise,
When a skeleton's head was exposed!
All present then uttered a terrified shout;
All turned with disgust from the scene.
The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,
And sported his eyes and his temples about,
While the spectre addressed IMOGENE.
"Behold me, thou false one! behold!" he cried;
"Remember ALONZO the Brave!
God grants, that to punish thy falsehood and pride
My ghost at thy marriage should sit by my side,
Should tax me with perjury, claim thee as bride,
And bear thee away to the grave!"
Thus saying, his arms round the lady he wound,
While loudly she shrieked in dismay;
Then sank with his prey through the wide-yawning
ground:
Nor ever again was Fair IMOGENE found,
Or the spectre who bore her away.

SONGS AND TOASTS.

Not long lived the Baron; and none since that time
To inhabit the castle presume;
For chronicles tell that, by order sublime,
There IMOGINA suffers the pain of her crime,
And mourns her deplorable doom.
At midnight four times in each year does her spirit,
When mortals in slumber are bound,
Arrayed in her bridal apparel of white,
Appear in the hall with the Skeleton Knight,
And shriek as he whirls her around.
While they drink out of skulls newly torn from the
grave,
Dancing round them the spectres are seen:
Their liquor is blood, and this horrible slave
They howl:—"To the health of ALONZO the Brave,
And his consort, the False IMOGINA!"

PADDY O'BRIAN—As sung by JOHANNOT.

WHEN I was first kitten'd It was in Kilkenny,
And a brat such as me, och there never was
any,

And the truth is my father suspected my mother,
For the devil abit was I like one or t'other;
Och, rub a dub, row de row, Paddy o'Brian:
To be sure I'm in nature as tame as a lion,
Och, the world never saw such a Paddy o'Brian.

That my mother was kind, and my mother was tender,
By my soul I've more reason than one to remember,
For to sharpen my stomach and brighten my wit fir,
Sure they left me to live upon what I could get fir,
Och, rub a dub, row de row, Paddy o'Brian:
My Mam is a goat and my Dad is a lion,
And I'm the devil's own Paddy o'Brian.

That my parents are given to living genteely,
Och, that can't be a doubt so I'll tell it ye freely,

MONSTROUS GOOD

For if one Daddy dies I've still got another,
And so I'm the bastard of one or the other ;
Och, rub a dub, row de row, Paddy o'Brian ;
By by soul that my Mother was rather a fly one,
To get, blood and wounds, such a Paddy o'Brian.

SONG—By CAPT. MORRIS.

Tune—"THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME."

SINCE DICK and NELL was man and wife,
They lov'd each other dearly,
Their ways had all been free from strife,
And time had glided cheerly ;
They thought of all the wedded throng,
Their *plea* must first be taken,
So cheek by jowl they jog'd along,
To claim the flitch of bacon.

Now on the road says DICK to NELL,
" If things are manag'd fairly,
" In future we'll do passing well,
" Ods bobs we'll guttle rarely ;
" We ne'er have quarrel'd day and night,
" So saith I'm much mistaken,
" If e're a pair have had the right
" To claim the flitch of bacon."

My dear says NELL to sell the flitch,
Do let me now persuade ye,
T'will serve to make you mainly rich,
And I so fine a lady ;
So say no more, but let the prize
To market straight be taken,
For sure t'will make us monstrous wise,
To *Sell* the flitch of bacon.

SONGS AND TOASTS

Now both perishing plain and flat
In their respective cases,
They fought at last like dog and cat,
And scratch'd each others faces.
Thus those who try to gut their fish,
Before 't is fairly taken,
Like DICK and NELL oft spoil the dish,
Who lost the sitch of bacon.

Sung in HARLEQUIN and OBERON.

MOST extraordinary, most extraordinary news
Arrived just from London! Good people come
choose.

You may read of prodigious events far and near,
Here's the Herald, Post, Chronicle, Times, Gazetteer;
The True Briton, Telegraph, Oracle, Sun,
The Star, and the World! Thro' the circle to run
Wou'd weary you quite; so, no longer to teize you,
Come buy,—there's in every one something to please
you.

Most extraordinary, &c.

Here you'll find the births, marriages, deaths, and
debates;

How stocks rise and fall, and the welfare of states;
Of Richery's Squadron, and that of Langaro,
Of highwaymen, duellists, bankrupts, and fero;
Of ladies turn'd black-legs, and what's most a wonder,
They scruple not stripping a man to get plunder.
Most extraordinary, &c.

Here you'll trace with delight what the Austrians
have done,

What glory achiev'd, by the Arch Duke led on!

MONSTROUS GOOD

His valour the enemy never dare stand
When he leads his brave troops, and attacks sword in hand.

When lately he fought in, the boldest were shaken,
And but for the *Ruler* held have cut up their *lacen*.

Most extraordinary! Most extraordinary bloody
new!

Most extraordinary! Most extraordinary! come
buy and peruse.

THE TIGHT IRISH BOY.

As Sung by Mr. INGLETON, in the Charity Boy.

OCH! when I was christen'd, 'twas on a fair day,
And my own fair-fac'd mother call'd me her
dear joy!

And that I was this, why she often would say,
A laughing, quaffing, fipoking, joking,
Railing, prattling, rumical, comical,
Fipable, fightable, sing away, ding away,
Roll about, troll about, looking sweet, loving neat,
Die away, sigh away, flash away, dash away,
Gayful, playfull, prattling, tattling, dutiful, beautiful,
Looking sweet, loving neat,

Och! Boderation! a tight Irish Boy.

Arrah! when I grew up, I grew always in love,
Variety's pleasing, and never can cloy,
So true to ten thousand, I'd constantly prove,
A laughing, &c.

A sighing, dying, complying, preffing, careffing,
Distressing, adoring, imploring, encoring,
Die away, sigh away, looking sweet, loving neat,

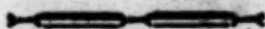
Och! Boderation! a tight Irish Boy.

At war, love or drinking, myself am the lad,
Who the wide world itself would go near to destroy,
For a cup of the creature soon makes my heart glad,

SONGS AND TOASTS.

Then I'm laughing, quaffing, smoking, joking,
Swearing, tearing, rumical, comical,
Sightable, fightable, sing away, ding away,
Roll about, troll about, looking sweet,
Loving neat, die away, sigh away,
Dash away, flash away, smash away.

Och! Moderation! a tight Irish Boy.



Sung by Mr. SUETT.

IN A FRIEND IN NEED.

A BACHELOR, miller—so merry a life!
To marry would mend it but little, I doubt;
He humours the gale,
He reefs in his sail,
And prudently knows what his mill is about,
Tho' whirling and twirling, he lives without strife;
He slackens his flies, if they make too much rout;
But what should he do with a whirligig wife,
Who, blow high or low, carries all her sails out,
Whirling, twirling!

The air whistles round him as keen as a knife;
He finds out his bearing, and round the mill goes:
Let the wind shift at will,
He steadies his mill,
He has but to peep out, and follow his nose;
Tho' whirling and twirling, he lives without strife;
He veers to the wind, and its changes he knows;
But how should he steady a whirligig wife,
When the devil can't find out which way the wind
blows;
Whirling, twirling!

MONSTROUS GOOD

SONG—In HARLEQUIN and OBERON.

COME, boys and girls, men and maids, widows
and wives!

The best penny lay out you e'er spent in your lives;
Here's my whirligig lottery, a penny a spell,
No blanks, but all prizes, and that's pretty well;
Don't stand humming and haking with *ifs* and with
buts,

Try your luck for my round and sound gingerbread
nuts;

And then here's my glorious spice gingerbread too,
Hot enough to thaw even the heart of a Jew.

Hot spice gingerbread! hot!

Come, buy my spice gingerbread, smoaking hot;
I'm a gingerbread merchant, but what of that there,
All the world, take my word, deal in gingerbread
ware;

Your *fine beaux* and your *belles*, and your rattle-
pate rakes,

One half are *game-nuts*, the rest *gingerbread cakes*;
Then in gingerbread coaches we've gingerbread lords,
And gingerbread soldiers with gingerbread swords;
And what are your patriots? 'tis easy to tell,
By their constantly crying they've—something to sell,
And what harm is there in selling—hem!

Hot spice gingerbread, hot! &c.

My gingerbread lottery is just like the world,
For its index of chances for ever is twirl'd;
But some difference between 'em exists without doubt,
The world's lottery has blanks, while mine's wholly
without.

There no matter how often you shuffle and cut,
It an't once in ten games you can get a game nut.
So I laugh at the world like an impudent elf,
And, just like my betters, take care of myself.

Hot spice gingerbread! &c.

NEW

TOASTS

AND

SENTIMENTS.

THE old oath of the Greeks—"Those who
prefer liberty to life."
May the liberties of the people be immortal,
The universal interests of agriculture,
Happier days to the man of sorrow.
The birth-day of liberty.
May the enemies of Great Britain and Ireland
never meet a friend in either country.
The modest maid, that cover'd herself with her lover.
May we never murmur without a cause—nor ever
have cause to murmur.
The universal advancement of arts and sciences.
The city of London, and may it ever be a glorious
example to all other cities.
The wise man's request, neither *poverty* nor
riches
Life's dainties with the sweet sauce of kisses.

NEW TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS?

May all mankind enjoy the blessing of liberty, but
never take the *liberty* to subvert it.

May those who delight in war share its calamities

The spring of life and fountain of enjoyment.

Peace and liberty to all the world.

The universal freedom and interests of commerce.

May love and honor be inseparable.

May the wretched be cured by the joys of love and
wine.

May the dial of reason regulate our lives.

May the honorable lover meet with success.

May Britons never invade the rights of others.

May justice ever be the companion of mercy.

But's cloak, with a red lining and a black fringe.

Peace and good government to all nations.

May the villain who robs my daughter of her virtue
outlive every friend.

To the British Parliament, and may it stand like a
rock in the midst of the ocean.

To all those brave veterans who have died in defence
of liberty.

In every just dispute may Providence insure success.

May the freedom of election be preserved—the trial
by Jury maintained—and the liberty of the press
be secured—to the latest posterity.

May Hogarth's curse—"the keenest appetite with-
out food,"—rest with liars.

Let us enjoy the present as it deserves, but never
blame the past, nor distrust the future.

May the generous heart always meet a chaste mate.

The man who feels for sorrows not his own.

May adversity be the school of instruction for our pre-
sent rulers.

May the man who would do an injury to a fellow-crea-
ture, never find time to accomplish it.

NEW TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

May the people of England never forget the mathematical axiom, that the *whole* of the constitution is better than a *part*.

May the wooden walls of old England be speedily freed from the worm of Jacobinism, and the British navy be restored to its native glory.

The constitution of England, and may it endure for ever.

The dignity of a woman that makes a man stand uncovered.

May simplicity sow the seeds of content, and honesty alone reap the harvest.

While wine enlivens the heart let friendship cherish the bottle.

May rational mirth always be President in the club of conviviality.

May the sons of liberty always be entitled to the daughters of virtue.

As sensibility is the child of nature may she ever be cherished.

May the smiles of friendship always gladden the hours of conviviality.

Through the journey of life, of all the *Misses*, may *Mis-fortune* never attack us

The gift of the Gods, a handsome wife, a steady friend, and sound claret.

My every man with a plentiful fortune be endued with a noble soul and a generous heart.

A chearful heart, a flowing bowl, and a kind mistress.

May honesty never have poverty for a companion.

Connubial sweets without the acid of jealousy.

When we hunt the true pleasures of life, may we always have our game in view.

May generosity never be overtaken by poverty.

Wings invigorate our passions, but not to impair
our understandings.

Many farmers resemble the bottle and bowl, to stand by the sheep that can't stand by himself.

The faith of an infidel, a lovely maid, a good dog and a bottle.

The three best companions in life, money, women, and wine.

May all our wants and wishes be realized.

May the endeavours of an honest mind flourish.

Here's to *thee*, here's to *me*,

On our absent friends we'll think

To our noble selves we'll drink.

Then to him, from envy free,

Who loves fun, like you and me.

Liberality to the rich, and riches to the liberal.

Liberality to the rich, and help to the poor.
Youth without folly, and age without misfortunes.

Humility is prosperity, and fortitude is distress.

May the friend in need never want a friend.
Fined in the cause of love.

May we never be nonfruitful in the cause of love.

The virtuous fair, and the fair virtuous.

Hearts full of friendship, and pockets full of money.

May merit be honoured, and fortune smile upon de-

May we never forget a favor, nor remember an injury.

May the K— always differ from a Vicar's horse—
never be led by a Minister.

May our joys multiply, and our cares decrease.

Prudence to prevent, or courage to overcome, danger.

Sincerity before marriage, and fidelity afterwards.

May the fowers of Dissipation meet their reward.

Finis

